SETTLING IN

157 them in the fields and ask what they were at, and why, and what their various implements were called. They were quick to understand what we tried to say, and except when several of them talked at once we could usually make out most of their replies. They often started amusing arguments among themselves, not agreeing about certain words, just as at home you can set a discussion going in any company about "apple dumplings" or "pies."

243 I had a most entertaining half-hour my second afternoon.
123 Some women and little girls were beating a pile of green stuff on the threshing-floor just below, whacking it with a sort of wooden mallet. So I ran out (with pencil and notebook), greeted them, and sat down beside them on the nice dry ground and watched the whole performance. The crop was a small lentil or purple pea, and the heap was a pile of plants, stalks, roots, pods and all. They just beat and beat till all the pods had burst open, then piled pods and seeds into a big sieve and tossed it till most of the seeds were shaken out. Next they transferred it into a big flat tray and shook it to and fro till they could skim the pods off the top. Everyone was taking a hand, and after I had jotted down all the words I could conveniently collect, I took the various articles in turn and caused much amusement by saying carefully: "This is a sieve, I toss the lentils," "This is a tray, I shake it to and fro," etc. I felt rather like a star turn at a variety show, and brought down the house at the end with: "This is a little thorn bush, I sweep up the threshing-floor."

123 It is a sort of improved Berlitz method of teaching yourself. I found that when my Burushaski ran out I could still delight them by chattering on in English in a friendly way. They felt the goodwill, and they didn't know I was saying: "You're a nice-looking little minx, but you'll look better when you wash your face." I got most of their names written down, and then when they began to get ready to go home I had a romp with the small ones, who ran off squealing when I tried to catch them, just like English kiddies of the same age. I hadn't had such fun since our own youngster was small enough to romp with.

SETTLING IN

123 609 771 It was at once clear that there was not going to be any initial hostility or distrust to overcome, even amongst the women. This is rather remarkable when you think that not one of them has ever been more than five or six miles away from her home village, and that they have never seen a white woman at close quarters before. They are a fine, healthy, good-looking crowd, and always appear cheery and good-tempered. Undoubtedly the short-cut to the women's hearts was to make much of their youngsters. In a superstitious place this would be dangerous; they would be terrified of the Evil Eye; but we noted with thankfulness that these entirely non-Oriental people were as free from inhibiting superstitions as we ourselves. This promised to make our work immensely easier.

2: Lorimer T-3 (1925-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

746 Hunza has, of course, no charitable societies, but everyone is related distantly or immediately to other families, and no one, however poor or orphaned, is allowed to starve.

● 123 It was sad to think that when this harvest thanksgiving came round again next year we should no longer be in Hunza. If we had been we should, I am certain, have been allowed to attend the all-night prayer. But, so soon after our arrival, to have suggested this might have been bad policy or doubtful taste even if we had had sufficient notice to sound the feeling of headmen and khalifas. We were in every detail most scrupulously careful to give rise to no anxieties by prematurely taking liberties, even such as would be gladly accorded. The slightest breath of resentment or suspicion roused in even one household might have spoiled all our future relations with our neighbours or given trouble to the Mir. It was wiser to forgo an occasional experience, however interesting and unique, than to take risks.

2: Lorimer T-3 (1933-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

866 outrageous hat, must be a terrifying sight when it advances on you for the first time—but I learned cautiously to admire the babies from afar, though the father or mother always wanted to show them off. Only little Faqér, initiated so young, was always unafraid, and would stretch out his little hands and gurgle at me and let me take him in my arms or tickle him.

123 866 Soni, of the next house to Bibi Gimo's (I had to call it No. 1A, because in my first notes I had confused the two households) had a little girl Afrots—quite the ugliest and brightest atom of three years old in Hunza. She had cried the first day on seeing me but immediately made friends, and ever after if I were sighted would run up to me and put out an abnormally grubby little paw and say "How do you do?" in imitation English fashion. On general principles we resisted all temptation to teach the children English ways or words or tales. This was almost my one lapse from grace, but Afrots was by general consent a special case, and her old grandfather, Aliko, was extraordinarily proud when he was witness to our meetings.

123 535 562 273 In the very first days of romping with the children of No. 1 and 1A on the threshing floor I had—stupidly—thought it might be fun to teach Shamúli, Bano, and Afrots to dance. So I stood up and started on a Highland schottische, and endeavoured, with little success, to coax them to join in. I was puzzled by something a little frigid in the air and soon gave up the attempt. When I climbed home for breakfast Dádo gravely and kindly said: "Excuse me, Mother, but Hunza women do not dance. It is thought unseemly." I thanked him for the warning; I wasn't sure whether the fear was that I should corrupt the girls or merely make an unseemly exhibition of myself. Either danger was to be avoided, so that began and ended my dancing lessons. Later Qudrat Ullah explained that in the olden days, when the Hunzukuts distilled a powerful *araq* from their mulberries, men and women used to dance together in drunken orgies that had untoward consequences. The Mir had long since forbidden the spirit, which provoked quarrels as well as dances, and "mixed dancing" fell under the same ban. This was the only man-made restriction on woman's freedom that I encountered in Hunza, and it did not seem to worry anyone.

2; Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

231 to keep her strength up—and this in one of the poorest houses,
844 where they have had no bread nor butter for themselves for
262 weeks. *Doudo* is one of the nourishing dishes you make for a human mother, and the cat was such a pet that the kittens were considered as a birth in the family, one of the emergencies budgeted for. There is as little need in Hunza for an R.S.P.C.A.
231 as for an anti-litter crusade. Everyone is devoted to his animals,
562 and the children have pet names for eve[illegible]mb and kid. You will often see a boy or girl carrying home a tired animal slung over the neck like a fashionable lady's fur. Only people who have lived in the East can realize how amazing was this affectionate care for a pet; or how still more amazing this happy family life where father could come in and find his wife and daughters entertaining two strange men and be obviously delighted to see the guests. At least, if this sort of thing is possible elsewhere in the East, I have not heard of it.

231 When we passed next day we heard that a strange cat, which must be the only other one in Aliábád, for in general everyone is too poor to keep either cat or dog, had come in while the mother was mouse-hunting and had killed two of the kittens.
[115] Yaman, the only brother of our most beloved young friends, and most intelligent of informants, lifted a pathetic little white body with his toes from the field to show us. The children were half horrified and half amused at the kittens' fate.

137 There were a few wild flowers these June days amongst the scanty grass of the *togs*: red bladder campion, stitchwort, and an occasional starved-looking forget-me-not. The children were much amused when we told them what the English call it, and that sentimentalists amongst us use it as a love-token. After that, one or another would run up to us offering a tiny blue flower and saying, "Don't forget me!" Some future linguist, language-hunting like ourselves, may be puzzled to hear of *je til ekal* growing in Hunza fields and rack his brains as to how
123 the idea came to the Karakoram. On principle we have tried to avoid poisoning the ground for future workers by importing European ideas, legends, or phrases, and in this connection the forget-me-not, the "one little pig" and Afrot's *How do you do?* are the only sins on my conscience.

3: Lorimer L-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

312 423 And so life seems to go on. Even water rights, the turning of the carefully-husbanded water on to the land of the various groups in succession, appear to be exercised, according to the recognised scheme, by those concerned without recrimination. But at this season water is plentiful.

562 884 Women here hold a position of freedom and respect rare in the East. Young and old they move freely about, unveiled and unaccompanied. They mingle and converse quite naturally and unselfconsciously with men. No doubt everyone knows everyone else and many are related. Young marriageable girls are as free and open-faced as the married women.

609 123 To the stranger within their gates, at any rate to the Sāhib and Mim sāhiba, strayed out of another world, everyone is courteous and cordial, welcoming approach and questions, anxious to give information, amused at and appreciative of stumbling efforts to speak their difficult language, inviting them to their work parties in their fields or their leisure gatherings in their shady gardens. Always there is perfectly natural, self-respecting courtesy and good feeling, never that servility, false familiarity, self-assertiveness or aggressiveness characteristic of those who suffer from a sense of real or imagined inferiority.

This may appear a roseate, even idyllic picture, and no doubt there must be darker patches on the reverse side of it, but these do not appear to dim the general effect.

184 157 So much for the Hunzukuts Burusho. Of their Nagir neighbours I can say little. In casual contacts I have found them also friendly and courteous. The general impression is that they are not so actively cheerful as the Hunzukuts.

600 We may now turn our attention to the speakers of Werchikwār (Werčikwar). That language is spoken only in the Wershigūm valley, known as the Yasin district from the name of the village adjoining the administrative headquarters. The linguistic situation existing in Yasin is shown in the following table:

353 ing an excellent likeness of Queen Victoria in full color hung on the old palace wall. It was still in good condition and told you to use "Mellins Food for Infants and Invalids." I suspect this picture calendar has been hanging there for some 60 years (it was dated 1899). Both the producer of the calendar and the food people could well be proud of the record.

123 One could easily spend a few days in and around the fort and probably write a volume about its history. But I'll leave that for someone else.

I made a careful round of all the rooms in the old palace and by that time Sultan Ali remarked that we'd best be retracing our steps to the Mir's because the Mir had asked him to bring me back in time for lunch, which was at 1.30. So we started our descent.

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

survive despite the encroachment of modern civilization? 177

I go on record as saying, "Yes, she can survive but it will take good leadership, and the present ruling Mir —my friend, Mohammed Jamal Khan—is capable of this leadership, provided he is not interfered with by the powers that surround him or emanate from Karachi!"

The first detrimental factor that is crawling into Hunza at the present time, and has been for some years, is salt. Already numerous cases of goiter have appeared which did not exist before when they used their native salt. 177 263 164

Travel in Hunza is restricted. In fact, at the present time no foreigner is allowed into the state without a permit and that includes Pakistanis as well. As far as I know, my friend Cec Brunton and I were the last foreigners to enter Hunza. With the political situation as it is today, I doubt if anyone else will be permitted to enter the country until the situation changes. 486 648 123

The fact that China is at the present time encroaching upon India is a rather significant factor. I really can't appraise its implications because the disputed area by any calculation seems to be of little or no value. There are millions of such acres available throughout Tibet and the Himalayan cordillera as well as in the Karakorums. Therefore it must be just for aggrandizement that China is moving. If that is her aim and desire, then Hunza would be right up her alley. 648

Yet it is my firm belief that China will not bother Hunza. I know the Afghans have looked with longing eyes on that part of Pakistan for some years, but they have neither the arms nor the men to successfully invade the area, although with arms from Russia and a little prodding, things could get hot in that area. How-

114 585 "I said it as a joke," replied the Mir. "I had no knowledge that it would be so widely publicized and written and taken as a fact. I did not mean to mislead the writers you mentioned."

"Then it is not true!"

"No," replied the Mir, "I meant it only as a joke!"

643 115 522 There was no doubt in my mind that the Mir had a keen sense of humor. In fact, through all my talks and discussions with the Mir which were frequent, there was seldom a time when he would pass by an opportunity for a bit of witticism or to laugh and have a bit of fun. He was just about as pleasant a man as could be found anywhere. He was not only a great ruler but he had a sense of humor. It was too bad that the writers referred to took him seriously. Maybe it was one of their bad days.

249 "Do you grow poppies here?" I asked the Mir bluntly and more or less out of the clear blue sky. I put this question to the Mir for a most definite reason.

On a few occasions I saw what I believed to be a field of flowers waving in the distance. But I wasn't sure. Invariably these patches of color were a mile or many miles away. I wondered what they were but I never could get close enough to see them. They were always sighted at great distance from where the road lay.

[123] You might ask why I didn't definitely, once and for all, set out across the field and find out. But remember, when you're in a more or less strange unusual territory, you just don't go off across the fields into someone else's private property.

All told, I doubt if I saw more than half a dozen of these patches of color during the full length of my travels. There might have been many more but I certainly didn't see them and I have an idea that if they

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
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CHAPTER 34

About the People of Hunza

164 THE CLAIMS made for the people of Hunza border on
165 the fantastic. It is claimed that there they live to be 140 and more years of age without trouble and that their mountain home is the genuine Shangri-la, where a man can live without worry or stress in perfect joy and happiness. The claim is also made that their men can sire children when they're 70, 80, 90 and even 100 years of age.

Yes, and another visitor to Hunza said that the women of 80 and 90 are as youthful and as beautiful as our own women of 30 and 40. Well, apart from the [644] Rani who I truly believe was one of the most beautiful women I have ever been privileged to see, I didn't notice anything spectacular about the women of Hunza.

• 123 Let me be even more frank . . . I hardly saw any women at all. Over the many miles of Hunza territory that I walked, I seldom saw a woman. I saw a few girls

7:Tobe C, T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

here and there and most of them snickered, giggled and hid or turned their backs so that I couldn't see their faces, just as the girls and women did in Nagir. I did notice and pass many women constantly in the fields, but not once did I think that they even compared with our own attractive women . . . let alone surpass them! 123

Nor do I want you to get the impression that I am prejudiced. To me, at least, a woman can be beautiful whether she be black, yellow, tanned or white. I believe myself to be the kind of a man who shows no prejudice, at least where women are concerned, if you know what I mean!

Here I also want to state that it could be I was somewhat at a disadvantage. In the Western world, when one meets or sees a woman, it is usually at her best or close to it. Here the situation was, I admit, drastically different. I either saw them in the fields or coming or going to and from the fields to their homes or doing household chores in their homes. None of these occupational hazards would give a woman a chance to show herself at her prettiest or to her own best advantage.

I did not inquire as to the Rani's age. I am generally fairly bold but I just wasn't bold enough to pose that question to the Mir or to the Rani herself, although I had ample opportunity to do so had I the courage. 644 165

She would compare favorably in every way with any woman in her twenties. If I did not know her position and I were asked to estimate her age, I would say 24 or 25 but remember, she is the wife of the Mir and has borne him 9 living children, one of whom is married and another of whom is engaged to be married to the Prince of Chitral. Their eldest daughter is married to Yaseen Durishahwar and they have two sons, which means that the Rani is a grandmother. But I still insist that she doesn't look a day over 25.

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

CHAPTER 41

Cleanliness

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS I have read and heard reports that the Hunzan homes are scrupulously clean. To that I will not subscribe. I just can't go along with any such assertion. 356 114

I peeked into, looked over at and viewed hundreds of the homes in Nagir on the trek and I also had a chance to see into many of the homes in Hunza and there isn't any question about it—the Hunzan homes are cleaner, tidier and have fewer odors (or none at all) than the others of this same area. But to say that they are scrupulously clean or that you could eat off the floor is, to my mode of thought, a gross exaggeration.

Obviously, the places the other writers saw were very clean and tidy. But, to me anyway, it is clear that the owners were notified in advance that they would have visitors.

Being curious and nosy by habit and turn of mind, I 356 123

123 356 managed to peer into a few of the places and noticed that they weren't as spic and span as some people say they are. In fact, we were taken through one home on a tour. We visited their downstairs apartment and then climbed the ladder to visit the upstairs one. I will admit and am in complete agreement with the other writers, that the place was scrupulously clean, swept and neat.

But—and this is important, so follow me—I had stuck my head and eyes into that selfsame home the day before, probably unknown to my guide, and had seen the condition that this same house was in then. While it was not filthy, nor could I even say dirty, it certainly was not in the same immaculate condition that it was in now, since this time the people were advised that we were coming.

[515] So let it be said and accepted that the Hunzans are much cleaner than the Nagirwals and are generally, by and large, a clean, wholesome people, both in body and in home.

000 I have long ago accepted the clear-cut situation that hygiene and cleanliness are strictly matters of habit, custom and necessity and these factors vary from country to country. For example, the standard of cleanliness in Switzerland is quite different to that of neighboring France. And in Italy, especially in the southern part, it bears no resemblance to that practiced in either France or Switzerland. Then in England the standard changes again and when you get to America, well, there again it is so different that one would believe it was a different world.

356 Undoubtedly, the people of Hunza in their hygienic habits are far above those of India or Pakistan. I am here referring to the mass level, of course. Then, too, the Hunzan habits were far better than those in Italy.

681 which people were exiled and as officers were continually asking me what sort of place it was, I determined to go there and see for myself. The track there
491 was very bad indeed and in two places there were goat hair bridges which were very unpleasant to cross. A ring of wood was used and the traveler was drawn from one bank to the other and if he wore a beard most of the hairs were dragged out on the way. . . .

643 "My father[1] had six wives, three of which were of the
595 ruling classes and three from the Zemindaris. All however, were married to him according to the law and so he left behind no bastards."

276 The Mir told me that of late some of the young boys
177 have taken to smoking cigarettes. This they have picked up and learned from the Hunzan men who have been serving in the Pakistani army. Cigarettes can be pur-
685 chased in the shop in Baltit and a few occasions of
276 petty theft have been encountered. In each case it
[443] seems that they stole in order to get money to buy
[681] cigarettes. These few petty crimes of course did not involve ostracism to Shimshal. It is expected that this condition will continue or even become aggravated as the youth of Hunza become more familiar and acquainted with smoking. Some of the men in Hunza smoke the "hookah" which we know as the water-pipe.

249 Some forms and varieties of tobacco have been tried
•123 in Hunza. I promised to send the Mir seeds of the various types of tobacco that we grow in America, such as Virginia, Burley and Quesnel. Perhaps if they can learn to grow tobacco, it will enable the youth to get their hands on some tobacco and satisfy their craving for it without resorting to other ways and means. However, they would have to get paper from somewhere for none is made or improvised in Hunza.

674 It is obvious from what I have seen, that crime and

[1] [ie - the father of Sir Mohomed Nazim Khan - ANALYST]

on my own farm we definitely and positively use neither chemical fertilizers nor sprays. 241

You can understand in Hunza that tastewise there is no interference or problem from chemical fertilizers and sprays.

I believe that the myth about the flavor and succulence of the Hunzan apricots came about because visitors ate the apricots ripe and freshly picked from the trees, whereas at home the apricots they ate were picked from the trees days before, because they had to be shipped long distances, and therein lay the difference in flavor. [114]

In January, 1959, I sent the Mir of Hunza good sized packages of the different kinds of hardy wheat that were created by the experimental farms of the Dominion of Canada. It was special seed, tested for hardiness in the colder areas and of such quality that would produce a fine loaf of bread. 123 241 177

I also sent the best strains of carrots, cabbages, Brussels sprouts, lettuce, beets and other vegetables. But when I was dining with the Mir and asked him about the results with the seeds, he admitted that the only seed they had got planted that year was the lettuce, which was being enjoyed at the Mir's table. He said that he would try the rest of them the following year.

It is understandable that the Western world would have better varieties of fruits, vegetables and grains, because here we spend millions and millions of dollars on hybridizing, trials, selections and improving the various strains . . . so we should get some results from our efforts . . . and we do! Therefore, without question, the Hunzans could profit by using Western strains of grains, vegetables and fruits. This is one aspect of modern civilization that could help them greatly.

The apricots that I saw, tasted and ate were not the

123 241 177 huge fine quality products that I was told they were. I admit here further that I was in Hunza in July and the later, perhaps the better, varieties were not available or ripe yet. But upon questioning the various people, there was no information given to me that indicated the later maturing kinds were superior to the earlier ones.

So as in vegetables and grains, their fruit could be greatly improved by adopting some of the Western varieties. This could easily be done by having budwood sent to them and they in turn would graft this budwood onto their young stock.

I have made arrangements with the Mir of Hunza and the P.A. at Gilgit to supply them with this required grafting wood at the proper time, and it will be duly sent to them, so that in the future they may have some of the benefit of the West's hybridization and research program. I took along with me a few of the best budding knives that I could procure and I left two with the P.A. at Gilgit and the others with the Mir of Hunza and I explained their use.

245 In talking with the Mir about the planting of new varieties and improved strains, he claimed that his people did graft and seek new varieties and strains, but from the little time I had to inspect things, I did not see any young trees or any great number of grafts that would indicate this being a widely practiced policy. I found nothing resembling a nursery in Hunza or Nagir, but there was a small, unimpressive nursery run by the Pakistani government in Gilgit. Maybe this is the forerunner of bigger and better things to come.

241 There appears to be no central source of seed supply in Hunza. It seems that each farmer saves seeds for next year's crops or barters with his neighbor. In some [643] years, when, because of any one of many conditions

184 a good crop of various kinds of grains, forage, vege-
241 table crops and fruits. In Hunza this just doesn't occur.
311 The terrain is steeper, more precipitous, more difficult and seldom if ever does a flat open area come within the limits of normal vision.

[133] Then, too, Nagir has many more nullahs formed by the melting glaciers. Rakaposhi is located in Nagir and surrounding it are many snowfields and glaciers which are used, trained and harnessed to irrigate their country.

Indubitably, the fates and nature have been much kinder to Nagir than they have to Hunza.

438 Let me also tell you frankly that on many occasions the people of Hunza purchase or barter various types of food from Nagir. I asked the ways and means that [437] were used in effecting these deals and found that in most cases money—earned by the Hunzans in service in the army, portering for expeditions and given to them as gifts—was the means.

184 One might gather from what I have said and even [628] from talking to various people or natives of the area, that the Nagirwals and the Hunzans are deadly enemies. But that is not true. The people of Hunza [186] think themselves much better than the people of Nagir. They do believe that they are handsomer, healthier, cleaner and are better husbandmen, but yet there does not appear to be any cases of conflict, physical or armed, between the two peoples.

123 I recall a little incident that may be of some interest. We rounded a spot—I guess it was 10 or so miles from Minapin—on the way up to Baltit and there we saw a decrepit, ragged looking Nagirwal. In his hands he [231] held a pair of chickens. They were the typical chickens of the area—full grown but the size that our chickens are when they're half grown. He waved them in front of us as though indicating they were for sale or could be

7:Tobe C, T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza
Naqir

had. We slowed down—we didn't actually stop—and our guide asked the price, or got into some hassle-tassle about them anyway. The discussion took place in Burushaski. 123

There didn't seem to be too much palavering and our bearers took the two scraggy birds and stuffed them into their coats—one each, just as we would stuff something into our inside breast pocket. The chickens' heads stuck out, but they didn't seem to make any great attempt to get away. I didn't see any money change hands.

Then the old fellow disappeared behind a thicket for a moment; it was a group of willows and other shrubs or trees growing there. He came back with a butchered one and he tried to press it upon me. I didn't want it, but the man was so earnest in his desire to present it to me. I didn't know if he wanted money or not, but he didn't seem to care. He just wanted me to accept the chicken. I didn't want to offend him and as pleasantly as I could I kept shaking my head. But he did not heed my protestations and tried to force the chicken on me.

Then I got off my horse and when I did, I more or less subconsciously began to rub the muscles of my legs. He quickly dropped the chicken and kneeled down beside me and began to massage my legs for me. I tried to stop him and my bearers intimated to him that I didn't want anybody rubbing my legs, but he insisted. When at last I got him to desist, we began to walk on and he followed us for two or three miles, still trying to give me the chicken. So I asked Sherin if he wouldn't take the chicken or get one of the other boys to take it.

He was undoubtedly the friendliest coot I ever saw in my life. He was as dirty as the dirtiest pig and

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza
Nagir

123 smellier than limburger cheese. But so help me, dirt, stink and all, he was a likeable fellow. If only we could have ducked him in the water and got a scrubbing brush and some soap, I probably would have enjoyed his company.

Somewhere near the next village he left us. He was almost in tears at the thought of parting. I had a quarter rupee silver coin in my pocket and gave it to him. He didn't want it but he thanked me at least 200 times for it. I'm sure he would have given me his lousy old shirt if I would have accepted it. As it was, he waved us good-bye with tears in his eyes.

643 628 The Mir of Hunza and the Mir of Nagir are on friendly terms, but I don't for a moment imagine that they are bosom companions. Yet the Mir of Hunza's wife, the Rani, is a Nagirwal. Her uncle is the present [582] Mir of Nagir. In fact, through the centuries, while the people of both these states were at loggerheads with each other, the ruling class intermarried and were always on amicable terms . . . and so it continues.

I will quote here again from *The Autobiography of Sir Mohomed Nazim Khan, K.C.I.E*: "From time to time we have tried to have relations with Nagir that were friendly but they have never lasted, although there have been marriages between the ruling families of both countries. My father and Zafar Khan, Mir of Nagir used occasionally to meet and I remember well the formality of these occasions. Each would come with a large number of followers and would halt on his side of the river. On one occasion Uzar Khan came over to Hunza and there was a great feasting; on another the Mir came and I and some other people from Hunza had to go over to the Nagir bank of the river and remain there as hostages until the Mir returned."

000 The Hunzans do not only show their superiority over

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza
Nagir

The Hunzans do not only show their superiority over the Nagirwals, but over others as well. The P.A. at Gilgit, in a discussion that I had with him, admitted that when the Hunzans moved down the valley to the Gilgit area, they showed their heritage by surpassing anyone else in the district when it came to working their lands and producing their crops. They worked harder, they worked longer, they worked better. They used their experience and intelligence to greater advantage, with the net result that they were soon buying more and better land. 157

So far only a few of the Hunzans have come down to Gilgit, but the native Gilgiti farmers are already showing their resentment. Obviously they find it difficult to compete with the Hunzans on an equal basis. [167]

I compared the Hunzans with the Scotch people and I think the comparison has many realistic qualities. Both peoples live in a more or less barren, hilly, rocky, rough country. Both peoples have learned the value of being frugal and thrifty. They waste naught and want naught. They are chiefly outdoorsmen. They are strongly nationalistic. Then, too, they are physically independent and have little or no fear of anyone. 181

When I was talking to the P.A. I called the Hunzans "the Scotsmen of the East" . . . and I trust the Scotsmen won't be offended. In fact, they should be flattered.

Where I think the people of Hunza gain most of their superiority is in leadership. From the little research and reading I have done on the subject, it appears that for many long years the Hunzans have had good capable leaders—really strong men who ruled their people with a firm hand. 643

In reading the autobiography of the Mir's grandfather, one quickly sees that he was not only a man of action but one of ability, foresight and reason.

Now I did not meet the Mir of Nagir. Although I [123]

7:Tobe C, T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
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643 wrote to him and asked if I could come and visit him,
●123 he did not reply to my letter. No, I'm not annoyed nor am I saying anything unfavorable about the Mir because he didn't answer my letter, but I would have liked to meet him so that I could speak more authoritatively about the many unfavorable statements made about him and his people.

However, I spoke to many people who knew the Mir of Nagir personally. I passed right by his official residence both on the way up and on the trail back. It was pointed out to me and I stopped and looked it over.

643 Whereas the Mir of Hunza is respected—not only in Nagir and Hunza and the entire surrounding country, but in most nations throughout the world—the Mir of Nagir is more or less unknown and does not even have any great amount of social intercourse with his own people.

Whenever I met a Hunzan on the road and spoke to him about the Mir of Hunza and the Mir of Nagir, he would hold himself erect and say through our interpreter something like this, "Our Mir is loved and respected by his people and everyone else. His name and fame have spread throughout the world. The Mir of Nagir, nobody knows of or likes him!" If this was said to me only once or twice, I would pay little or no attention, but a similar vein of thought and expression was portrayed on many occasions.

643 I think further that the Mir of Hunza has given a
186 high standard and caliber of leadership to his people. It was apparent wherever I went. He made his people believe and feel that they were good people, that they were equal to the best people of the world and that they were cleaner, stronger, healthier and more intelligent than others, and he was not telling them anything but the truth! The Hunzans hold their heads high.

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza
Nagir

Therefore, it is my belief, one of the reasons for the Hunzan high standing throughout the world is due to the excellent quality of leadership that they have enjoyed for many years, and is being continued by the present Mir and his staff and family. 643

I don't want anyone to run off with the idea that everything I saw about the Hunzans impressed me or that I thought they were exceptional in every way, because that definitely is not true. I did then and I do today admire the people of Hunza for all the splendid qualities that make them outstanding people. Anyone who could live in the harsh, tough, back-breaking terrain of Hunza must be made of stern fiber. Yet they have their foibles and weaknesses as well. 123 114

You see there are no immigration rules or laws to stop them from going anywhere in that area . . . at least, there weren't until recently. They could have gone to China, India, Afghanistan, Russia, Pakistan or anywhere else where the pickings might have been easier. But their love of freedom and intelligence that told them they were better off than most people in the world, even though financially poorer, kept them on the mountain slopes that are the banks of the Hunza. 486

No book on Hunza would be complete to even a small degree, unless some mention was made of the fact that it was not always known as Hunza. In fact, back before the turn of the twentieth century, Hunza was known as Kanjut and the people as the Kanjuts. 101

From records that I have located, I learned that, when the rulers of Shignam came to Hunza, they called the valley Kanjut. That name remained until the time of the Girkis and they called the country Hunza, because all of the people were united like the arrows in a quiver. In the Burushaski language Hunza means "arrow."

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

CHAPTER 50

Flora and Fauna

123 My Visit to Hunza was not basically a botanical or horticultural visit, much as I would have enjoyed spending a few weeks hunting, searching, climbing, delving into crevices and peeking into and over the rocks, crannies, cliffs and river beds—yes, and fields and anywhere a bit of green could be seen.

The speed at which I traveled along the mountain roads was slow and tedious, but it was even slower because of my interest in horticultural specimens that I noticed here and there and which I stopped to examine. But my stops to examine the flora were not very frequent during the first few miles, due to the simple fact that there was not much flora to investigate, except the omnipresent Fog plant, which no terrain seemed to deter. Then of course, there was a great similarity in the flora and once I had seen a plant, I did not stop to investigate another of the same species.

137

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

However, I did stop often enough on plant examinations so that I was always a few miles behind my friend, Cec, who was not concerned with the flora. 123 137

I want you to understand that I did not do an exhaustive detailed study of the flora of the Hunza district. I am sure there are many, many more plants in the area than I have indicated or found. I just examined what I happened to pass and see. I definitely did not go out and search for specimens away from the beaten path.

You can take my word for it, the vegetation under any and all circumstances is definitely not spectacular. However, any of the plants that are found growing in this area most certainly should be hardy enough and virile enough to do well in most other parts of the arable world. 137

It is my belief that the flora of the Hunza Valley is neither varied nor numerous, apart from the fruit and nut trees which are in most cases not indigenous. The apricot, though, could be native to that part of the world . . . at least, that is what I gathered from my studies and observations.

Apricots were grown in the greatest number, followed by mulberry, walnuts, apples, plums, peaches and pears. Here and there I came upon a pomegranate tree. These, I am positive, are indigenous to the surrounding area, if not to Hunza. [245]

The trees that I passed most frequently on the roads and trails and in the towns were eucalyptus, willow, birch, poplar and the oriental plane, sometimes called sycamore and known in Hunza as the "chenar" tree. I believe these are all native to the vicinity.

I was disappointed, surprised and even shocked to find the area completely devoid of conifers or evergreen trees. I saw one pine tree in the P.A.'s garden in

838 describe what I meant, when I spied the doctor standing close by. So I called him and waved to him to come over, which he did. I then said to him, "Would you explain to the Mir the meaning of the word hermaphrodite."

Now, as I have told you, the doctor was a Pakistani but although young, he was learned, having both his science degree and his medical one. With a flicker of a smile on his lips, he translated the word to the Mir in Urdu.

A glow appeared on the Mir's face and suddenly he broke into a chuckle and then it went on to uproarious laughter. I stood by mystified. Even the good doctor wore an air of puzzlement.

I waited a minute or two for the Mir's laughter to die down and then I said to him, "Tell us the joke, too, so we can join in the laughter. After all, laughter is something that should be shared."

At this he broke out laughing again. So we waited calmly until he cooled down. Then I said, "Now take it easy and tell me just what the joke is."

Containing himself as best he could, he replied, "Why I've got one of those things you mentioned working for me right here in the palace."

Then we all began to laugh. When it was all over, he said, "Strange you would ask about a thing like that. Actually I know of one other one in Hunza. That makes a total of two."

"If you are interested," he went on to say, "the name for hermaphrodite in Burushaski is 'mukhanas' . . . but enough of this!"

* * * * *

123 After lunch the Mir said, "Come with me! I have something I'd like to show you."

He then led me into the room I've been referring to

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

as his trophy room. There, neatly laid on a long table, was a beautiful ornate set of silverware, a three piece tea service. It was the most unusual and elaborate design I'd ever seen. I recognized it as the leaf of the chenar tree, which is similar to our maple. I do not profess to be a connoisseur or one who appreciates objects of art, but I did recognize this as being something especially fine and unusual.

He said, "This is from the Rani and I. I hope your wife will like it!"

He then presented me with a most unusual cane. It is made out of some native Hunzan wood, white in color—chenar I imagine. The handle is made very ingeniously, so that you have something to hold firmly in your hand, as well as a place to rest your thumb. Then the entire length of the cane and the handle were studded at regular intervals with what the Mir explained were pieces of ibex horns.

Ibex are found in the hills. They are a wild mountain goat, usually found above the snow line. They are a good sized, hefty animal, standing between 3 and 3½ feet high at the shoulder. They're sturdy beasts as they well must be to live among the highest and most precipitous hills in all creation. For agility there is no animal that can match them. They are crowned with long ridged horns curved backwards, usually black in color. These tough, imperturbable mountain goats reminded me of the people of Hunza and I thought there was a great deal of similarity between them. They are, as far as I know, afraid of nothing.

I'm not a hunter—I didn't go after them. Some of the men said they could be found readily. Others said you had to go far up into the mountains in order to find them. But by the number of horns of the ibex I saw in Gilgit, Baltit and all along the route I traversed,

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7

who climbs the lofty crags around Hunza to bring down the Marco Polo sheep or ovis poli is entitled to his bag. But after all, who am I to deal so generously with the life of another animal?

Then the Mir had for me two Hunzan hats of the type that the men wear and also two women's hats, the latter brightly colored and very neatly embroidered. He also gave me a bolt of elegantly embroidered red silk, displaying a young man and woman, a bird of paradise and what was more appropriate, a yak. Then last but not least, laying beside the other items was a white hairy mass, which for the moment I did not recognize. It was a yak's tail.

Then he said, "There is a pair of typical native Hunzan shoes being made especially for you and they will be sent to you as soon as available. I'd like to send the shoes to you later, because I am waiting for some new hides which some of my men will bring down from high up in the mountains when they've had a chance to bring down some of the ovis poli. I want you to have the best."

"I guess I can wait for the shoes," I jested. "The ones I am wearing, plus another pair that I have in my knapsack, will carry me back along the Hunza trail, I think, but I certainly will be happy to have a pair of Hunzan shoes as another momento of my visit to your most enchanting country."

Then suddenly a thought occurred to me and I said to the Mir, "I notice all of your men are clean-shaven . . . that is, except for the occasional one now and then who has a little beard around his chin. Therefore I know for certain that you must practice shaving in Hunza. Yet I have seen nowhere a sign of a razor. Further, I'm reasonably sure that this is one part of the world that King Gillette has not invaded with his

302 safety hair removing instruments. So please tell me what kind of an instrument the people of Hunza use to remove the hair from their face."

[326] "I'll be glad to show you!" . . . and with that, he displayed a homemade razor, one made by the smithy of the village. "Similar instruments are made by the smithys in the various other villages throughout Hun-

[795] za," he went on. "Our religion recommends that our faces be kept clean of hair."

"I will also have a razor made for you and sent along with the shoes."

123 "Thank you very much," I said to the Mir. "I am very grateful. I was really and truly hoping you'd say that, because that is another item that I would love to add to my collection."

I didn't know how to thank him for all these very lovely gifts, but I was somewhat concerned as to how I'd carry them all the way home. It was absolutely unthinkable to ship them individually or separately because I certainly wouldn't want any of them lost.

With the exception of the silver tea service, the other items were things that I had specifically wanted and had mentioned at one time or another. The Mir had keen ears and each and every item that I had mentioned was there as a gift for me.

To my friend, Cec Brunton, he also presented a Hunza hat and a cane of a little different type.

Not being a hunter it is understandable that I would not appreciate an ibex or a Marco Polo sheep head as a trophy, but most assuredly I would hang or display all of the items that the Mir was presenting to me most conspicuously in my home. And if perchance my wife wouldn't feel that some of them were sufficiently ornate or perhaps were unbecoming to her living room, then I would proudly hang them in my office. In fact, I felt

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

even here that I would be happy to wear that Hunzan hat on my strolls during the winter around my home town. The fact that some of the villagers might think me a bit queer wouldn't bother me one iota, because I haven't the faintest doubt they think I'm queer anyway. So a little added fuel won't make much difference. 123

I hate to admit this but truth will out, so I might as well confess. I actually coveted a Hunzan spinning apparatus and loom, but I didn't have the courage to ask the Mir for one of them. I thought perhaps this might be a little too much. I was bothered by the fact that perhaps they needed it worse than I and I would be depriving them of it if I took it back to Canada with me. But I did want one and I tried to think of a way or a means of purchasing or getting one without asking the Mir for it. Perhaps my readers can understand my predicament. Here was a man who was doing most everything that a human being could possibly do for another, for me. I would have gladly paid him for the spinning apparatus and loom, but I knew he wouldn't take any money and if I told him I wanted it, it might be an imposition—I knew he would get it for me. So after debating the matter with myself in my mind—which took probably 5 seconds but takes 5 minutes to tell—I decided to let the matter rest for the moment.

[pp. 472-479 not processed]

Then there was ghee or yak butter to be used as a spread. Most of them at the table selected ghee. I chose the white yak butter. 262

Western types of raw vegetables on the table are conspicuous by their absence. I had all my meals at the palace and the only raw vegetable on the table at any time was lettuce and the lettuce, the Mir informed me, was from seed that I had sent him some months prior to my arrival.

So it is clear that vegetables like lettuce, celery, cucumbers, cabbage, carrots, radishes and such are not generally used in this part of the world as a fresh salad with meals. I do know they use onions and peppers. The onions that I saw were of the green type and I recall being presented with a bunch of them by a youngster who popped out of one of the houses on the trail. I gave him a small coin as a gift or reward. The child couldn't have been more than 3 or 4 years old and he shouted with glee and joy to his mother, holding the tiny coin aloft for everyone to see. He seemed happier at the gift of that coin than any youngster I can ever recall. I'm sure the big hundle of green onions was worth many times what I had given him! 123 436

I believe this illustrates just how scarce or unusual money is there!

This was a sad breakfast for me because now I was on the threshold of leaving and I wasn't too happy to go from this enchanted place. I walked slowly down the long staircase that led from the palace and the rest followed behind. 123

There in the yard was the jeep with the driver and a few servants waiting and watching. Our baggage was placed aboard.

I left a sum of 40 rupees with the Mir to divide among the many servants who had given so graciously

123 and generously of their services.

Then, with sincere good-byes, good wishes and promise of the Mir to come and visit us in America, where I promised him the use of my home for the duration of his stay, the jeep was off!

We were following the same trail that we had come up on, only this time Cec and I were in much better shape than when we arrived.

492 'Twas hardly more than 15 minutes before we pulled up at the end of the jeep road. The horses were waiting. Mine was a big black heavy fat pony and, I quickly observed, a stallion, to boot! He looked a little bit too bold for me but the Mir had assured me that he was as gentle as a kitten, strong as a bull, fast, sure-footed and intelligent. The horse Cec was to take looked very much like mine except he was brown. They were two mighty splendid pieces of horse or pony flesh. There was another horse in the group which we presumed was to be used as a pack animal.

291 I noticed when Jahangir got out of the jeep and was walking towards the horses and bearers that he limped somewhat. He was still wearing the pair of heavy, thick-soled and metal heeled army boots with which he had set out from Gilgit. Somehow this reminded me of the folly of trying to beat a man at his own game. The people of Hunza have been living with and under these conditions for 2,000 years or more and it is somewhat superfluous to say that they would have gathered by now the right kind of footwear to put on their feet. And here is what I found.

Practically all of the children wore no foot coverings. They went about barefoot. This I do not mean to infer as being the case only around their homes, but on the mountain crags and trails as well. Most of the boys and girls were barefoot, but there were some who wore

682 past 40 years. Never to my knowledge has a stranger
[609] or a visitor ever been harmed or injured.

175 In bygone days the Hunzans were considered good
648 fighting men and were feared by the Chinese, the Afghans and neighboring tribes. It is a fact that they have only been conquered or beaten once in their history and that was by a British force that defeated them at the Battle of Nilt. The British did not seek to conquer the country. It was at the time when the British were the rulers of India. They requested that the Mir of Hunza allow free passage of the mail to Kashgar in China. The Mir at that time, Safdar Ali, felt that he could count upon the aid of the Russians and the Chinese and challenged the British authority. Then the British force went into the field and it required deliberation and courage to assault the high fortress, but it was accomplished by the British and the
[643] Mir fled for his life. The British then appointed his brother as the ruler and departed peacefully. Apart from this, the British did not interfere in the affairs of the Hunzans.

• 123 *You lose face if you carry anything yourself or do any work.* In all my travels throughout the world, including Hunza, I always did my share of the carrying. I wasn't going to stand by and see one or two men burdened down with my belongings while I walked about empty handed. I will not allow it to be said that I lost face because of this.

I don't want it to be thought that I am better than anyone else nor will I allow them to think that they are better than I. Wherever there was work to be done or burdens to be borne, I always did my share and I intend to keep on doing it.

131 *Hunza in the Himalayas.* Some writers keep referring to Hunza, Gilgit and Rakaposhi as being in the

value to the people of Hunza? Let's examine them. 000

Let's start with pasteurization. Well, it would be very difficult to pasteurize in Hunza. First of all, they don't have the means of providing the required heat. Besides, they don't suffer from any conditions which pasteurization would cure—if it does cure anything. 744

How about hospitalization? Well, they have a comparatively new, modern hospital in Aliabad, but the people don't use it very much. They distrust the hospital and they distrust the doctor, even though he is a fine capable fellow. Besides, I did not notice, particularly, any sick or ailing people sitting around, waiting for a hospital bed. 743

Then how about inoculations? To begin with, what would you inoculate them against? They don't seem to have many, if any, of our diseases. Then, too, there are no inoculations against cancer, diabetes, heart disease, arthritis and such, anyway. Oh, yes . . . besides, these diseases have never been known in Hunza . . . not even poliomyelitis. 751 164

The Mir has a huge medicine chest that was given to him by the German expedition, which was stationed across the river in Nagir. Yes, it did prove most useful —for it helped a man get well. However, I must admit rather dejectedly that the man the medicine chest helped was my companion and not a citizen of Hunza. 757 177 123

They could use a dentist and right here you have struck gold! However, it would be most difficult to get a dentist to set up shop in Hunza, unless he were given room in the Mir's residence, for that's the only place where electric power is provided . . . unless the dentist didn't mind going back to the old days when the old foot pedal was used for power. 759 164

But let's be realistic about it! Wouldn't it be much better to give the people of Hunza back their old [263]

8:Clark N-5 (1948-1951) 1963
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Hunza

[P. 39-B]

By JOHN CLARK

123
164

THE FOLLOWING IS AN ENTRY in my weathered notebook of a decade ago, written when, as an American living in the Himalayas in a run-down castle, I was operating an infirmary:

[576]

"'Salaam aleikum, Hazoor! my trouble is very great,' said old Bohar. He raised his white-stubbled chin and pointed to the source of his pain.

"I looked and shuddered a little. Four oozing, open holes, each the diameter of a pencil, pierced his chin and jawbone. I asked him to open his mouth, and he complied, exposing a row of teeth worn absolutely flat. I ran my finger across his lower teeth; four were so loose that I was able to

123 pull them out with my fingers. Bohar
164 gasped. then relaxed as the extraction permitted the abscesses at the roots to drain more freely."

101 This was in Hunza, the small, moun-
131 tainous, Central Asiatic kingdom
121 bordering on China, Kashmir, and Afghanistan, about which there has been recurring publicity, characterizing the land as a Shangri-La peopled by men and women of extraordinary
121 health and longevity. Since the beginning of man's role as a traveler, tales of far-off earthly paradises have been brought home to entertain the untraveled. No matter how many such El Dorados perish under examination, the next is inevitably welcomed into the lists with unblemished credulity.

[text continues on p. 40-B]

8:Clark N-5 (1948-1951) 1963
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Hunza

[P. 40-D]

798 gious sect to which all Hunzas belong;
643 the Mir of Hunza is administrator, but not religious deputy, for the Ismailians of the Central Asian District.

114 THE notes about Bohar and his teeth were made after I had worked with the Hunza people for almost three years during two prolonged stays in the small kingdom. I was introduced to this part of Asia as a reconnaissance engineer on General Stilwell's staff, and returned twice between 1948 and 1951. My primary
114 purpose as Director of the Central
123 Asiatic Research Foundation was to discover what resources were available to the Hunzas, and to teach them to use these to their own best advantage. From the start of my second visit I operated a general dispensary with

[Text continues on p. 41-A]

[P. 41- A]

114 Western equipment. (Training in anat-
123 omy, some concentrated informal studies of Asian diseases, plus previous experience, made this possible for me. In addition, I ran three experimental gardens and founded a craft school. with the Mir's approval.)

164 Bohar had developed scurvy, after
146 which staphylococcus infected the
123 gums and abscessed the roots of his teeth; the abscesses had then eroded downward through the jawbone and out through the flesh and skin. After washing out the sores, I gave him vitamin C tablets to stop the scurvy, and vitamin D with calcium lactate to cure the rickets that were stiffening his knees. The old man was by no means
[752] atypical. My dispensary was always beset by lines of waiting patients, all with afflictions that belied popular beliefs about "the Healthy Hunzas."

8:Clark N-5 (1948-1951) 1963
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Hunza
[P. 41-B]

beliefs about "the Healthy Hunzas." Altogether, I was able to treat 5,680 medical cases—the country had no other dispensary—during my stay in Hunza. My daily group of patients did not suffer from many of the diseases common to our civilization. There were no true neurotics; no cases of stomach ulcers, appendicitis, or gout; only one case of cerebral hemorrhage, and but four cardiac cases. The few bad hearts had been damaged either by malarial anemia or by overexertion at high altitudes, as was the case with one man who had carried the Mir's piano on his back up twenty miles of mountain trail. On the other hand, my Hunza patients did have malaria. They also had at least two kinds of intestinal worms, and to see for the first time a man with *Ascaris*

125 One evening, I took a census of the
165 nine teen-age boys in my wood-carv-
• [123] ing school. Of these, all from well-to-
do households, how many had seen
death in their immediate families?
165 Here was the roll:
651 Gohor Hayat: mother, three brothers, two sisters; Sherin Beg: one brother, one sister; Nur-ud-Din: mother, two brothers, two sisters; Md. Hamid: mother, one sister; Burhan Shah: one brother, one sister; Nasar Md.: mother, two brothers, one sister; Mullah Madut: two brothers; Suleiman: one brother; Ghulam Rasul: father. In a country fabled for the long lives of its inhabitants, these are depressingly typical Asian statistics.
165 Moreover, there is little reason to be-
576 lieve that any of the old men are really as old as is claimed.

"How old are you?" I once asked a venerable patient.

"Ninety, Hazoor!" he answered.

"How do you know you're ninety?"

"Well, Hazoor, my hair is white, and I know I'm very old, and ninety is very old, so I must be ninety."

[124] My teen-aged assistant, Gohor Hayat, broke in impatiently, "Why do you
[217] waste time asking such questions?
[212] You know there are no records, because so few of my people can write!"

I had thought the old man might have a way of keeping count. "How old are you, Gohor Hayat?" I asked.

Gohor Hayat responded loftily, "I'm

[text continues on p. 43-C]